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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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4 "	85	165	245	4.25	8.25	14.50
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and to have given the most perfect satisfaction to

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more favorable than any other Company. It has

no city risks, and is therefore liable to no great

disaster like the Chicago fire.

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LIFE ON THE FARM.

A Key's Letter with a Great Deal of Sense

in it.

To-day, as I was going "to town and

back again," I thought of an article I

had read about the intelligence of a

farmer's life, and tried to make up my

mind that it was right, but did not suc-

ceed very well on the whole. You see,

to begin with, we are poor, and I, the

oldest boy of the family, am probably as

green and awkward looking a young

granger as you seldom meet. Yes I

have (perhaps unfortunately, for myself)

some aspirations and ambitions as well

as other boys. As I went along toward

town, turning out occasionally with the

oxen and wagon to let a team pass, and

stopping frequently to read the Lord's

wood, which would, however, keep

disputing about the wagon. I don't

know, but I realize very fully the blessed

independence of my situation. For a boy

who longs to be going to school to be

obliged to out and haul wood to sell at

such a price, and to have him do it

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DEACON LEE.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent,

faithful, gracious man, was one day

waited upon by a restless, ambitious,

worldly church member, who was labor-

ing to create uneasiness in the church,

and especially to drive away the min-

ister.

The deacon came in to meet his visit-

or, who, after the usual greetings, began

to lament the low state of religion, and

inquire as to the reason why there had

been no revival for the last two or three

years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause

of things being dull here?"

The deacon was not ready to give his

opinion, and after a little thought frank-

ly answered: "I don't know."

"Do you think the church are alive to

the work before them?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully re-

alized the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A trifle was seen in the eye of the

troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he

asked:

"Do you think Mr. B. a very extror-

dinary man?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think his sermons in their

eyes are held anything wonderfully

great?"

"Making bold, after all this encourage-

ment in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better

dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with

an arrow, and in a tone louder than his

own, shouted:

"No, I don't!"

"Why," cried the amazed visitor,

"you agree with me in all I have said,

and yet you don't dismiss him?"

"You talk so little, sir," replied the

questioner, not a little abashed, "that

no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the

old man, rising to his feet, "for six

praying Christians. Thirty years ago I

got my heart burned, and my tongue

bridled; and ever since that I've talked

softly before God, and made vows

solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt

me to break them."

The troubler was startled at the earnest-

ness of the hitherto silent, immovable

man and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years

ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was

drawn into a scheme just like this of

yours, to upset one of God's servants

from the field in which he had planted

him. In my blindness, I fancied it a

little thing to remove one of the 'stars'

which Jesus holds in his right hand, if

thereby he could be checked by more

flowing words, and the pews filled with

those who turned away from the sim-

plecity of the Gospel. I and the men

that led me—I admit that I was a

dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that

we were doing God's service when we

drove that holy man from the pulpit and

his work, and said we considered his

work done in B—, where I then lived.

We groaned because there was no re-

vival, while we were gossiping about and

criticizing and crushing him, instead of

upholding his hands by our efforts and